



#1 IN A THREE-ISSUE LIMITED SERIES

# INDIANA JONES

and the  
**TEMPLE OF DOOM**

THE OFFICIAL COMICS  
ADAPTATION OF THE  
SPECTACULAR  
NEW FILM!



# INDIANA JONES

and the  
**TEMPLE OF DOOM.**



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SHANGHAI, 1935.

自好大

ON THE SNOW-CLOSED  
BALLROOM OF THE "TOMMY"  
HISTORICAL, BARONS LISTEN  
TO THE SOFT SONGS OF A  
DREAMY AMERICAN LITTLE  
HEARD TO SHUT TRANQUILITY  
AT THE OTHER TABLES  
AROUND THEM.

FOR IN SHANGHAI, ONE  
QUICKLY LEARNING TO JUDGE  
ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.



THERE ARE OF COURSE  
EXCEPTIONS. FOR  
EXAMPLE, THE ENTRANCE  
OF A HANDSOME NEW  
PATRON GARNERS THE  
LOVE GLANCES AND  
ADMIRING ATTENTION  
OF THE LOCALLY  
NAMED HOP-CHON  
GIRL.



-- SMILING WOMEN WHO IGNORE  
THE FACT THAT THE STRANGER'S  
TUXEDO JACKET IS CUT EVER SO  
SLIGHTLY LOOSER THAN STYLE  
DEMANDS, AS IF TO FACILITATE  
SUDDEN SWIFT MOVEMENT.

BUT THEN, THIS MAN HAS ALREADY  
GIVEN MORE CONSIDERATION TO  
CAUTION THAN FASHION, ON TO  
MUCH OF ANYTHING ELSE.

THE REASON  
IS SIMPLE:



IT KEEPS  
HIM  
ALIVE.







—MARRAGE! HEY, I-I WAS ONLY KIDDING! CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE?!

LAO—?



PUT THE OLD SKIN OFF, SONNY.

I SUGGEST YOU PAY ME WHAT YOU PROMISED, LAO—OR YOUR DISAPPOINTMENT HERE IS GOING TO BE YOURS! IN A NEW TIME!

THE DIAMOND, LAO! THE DEAL WAS FOR THE DIAMOND!



RELUCTANTLY, LAO ONE REACHES INTO HIS JACKET, AND...

SIMON! YOU ARE LAO, WITH A BIT OF PERSUASION, EVEN YOU CAN BE AN HONEST FELLOW!



HOWEVER, AS LADY LEANS FORWARD TO RECLAIMER HIS SPOTS...



CONGRATULATIONS, DR. JONES— YOU HAVE WON. LET US DRINK TO YOUR HEALTH.

THANKS. BY THE WAY, WHO IS THIS STUFF.



A BONUS DR. JONES— IT IS POISON— AND YOU JUST DRINK THE REST OF IT!



A DEAL... YOU GIVE ME BACK THE DIAMOND, AND I GIVE YOU THE ANTIDOTE!

THE POISON WORKS FAST, DR. JONES— I WANT THE DIAMOND, AND MURDER!

STOMACH THROTTING, RECOGNITION  
DROPPING, LADY HAS NO CHOICE...

SEE, THIS HUSBAND'S  
A VERY SMALL GUY.



AT LAST! I HAVE  
THE ANSWER OF  
MY SACKED  
ANCESTOR!



YOU FOOL!  
YOU'RE  
KILLING  
THEM!!



I SUGGEST YOU DO  
AS HE SAYS!

HEY, HE'S  
NOT A  
WAITER!



WITH A SNARE AS COLD AS THE  
CHALMERS' ICE BUCKET, LAD  
ONE COMPLAINS.



BUT THEN...











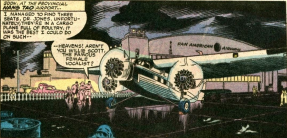




FROM THE PROVISIONAL  
ARMY TWO MONTHS...

I MANAGED TO FIND THREE  
SEATS, DR. JONES, UNDER-  
NARCO THEN WAS IN A CARGO  
PLANE FULL OF SOLDIERS, IT  
WAS THE BEST I COULD DO  
ON SUCH...

...HEAVENS! AREN'T  
YOU IN THE SCOTT  
THOMAS US  
FEMALE  
SOCIALIST?



WELL, YES, I AM.

HEY! TODAY,  
I'VE ENJOINED  
YOUR PERSON-  
ALITY! IN  
FACT, IF YOU  
DON'T MIND  
[SHE SAYS IT,  
SHE SAYS  
IT, YOU'RE  
THE CAT'S  
PAJAMAS!]

YOU CAN SIGN  
AUTOMOBILES, DOLL--  
SHORTLY AND I  
HAVE TO GO!



SO, ALWAYS  
SPEAKING  
A MAN, BUT I  
REALLY HAVE TO  
RUN NOW --!

THE HEAVY NO-MOTOR  
MOTOR, BOMBING  
STATION, AND SECOND  
STATION, AND SECOND  
STATION, AND SECOND  
STATION, AND SECOND  
STATION...

WHILE ON THE GROUND,  
LAD CHE, BEHIND THE  
SCENERY, BEHIND THE  
SCENERY, BEHIND THE  
SCENERY, BEHIND THE  
SCENERY...

...THAT INDY  
DOESN'T!



MOMENTS LATER,  
AFTER A CHANGE  
OF BARBERS—

— AND  
EQUIPMENT...

A BARBER?  
WHAT'RE YOU  
SUPPOSED TO BE,  
A LION TAMER?

LOOK, DOLL, SINCE I WAS  
NICE ENOUGH TO LET YOU TAG  
ALONG, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE  
YOUR MOUTH A REST,  
CHUCK?



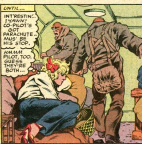
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TAG  
ALONG? FROM THE MINUTE  
YOU WALKED INTO THAT  
NIGHTCLUB, YOU HAVEN'T  
BEEN ABLE TO KEEP YOUR  
EYES OFF ME!!

YEAH,  
RIGHT.



IN GOOD LUCK, THE THREE PASSENGERS FALL  
INTO DEEP, EXHAUSTED SLEEP.

WHILE OUTSIDE, MILES  
OF UNCONFORMING  
TERRAIN ROLL BY IN A  
CORNER HEADING  
ROUGHLY SOUTH BY  
SOUTHWEST...



LOVELY...

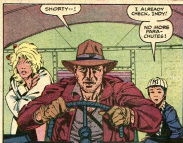
INTRIGUING,  
PILOT'S  
CO-PILOT'S  
GOT  
PARACHUTE—  
MAY BE  
HIS STOP.

PILOT, TOO,  
GUESS  
THEY'RE  
BOTH...



WHEW!!

WHO'S FLYING THE  
PLANE??





— THE RAFT, ACTING AS AN IMPROVISED DRAG CHUTE, FALLS A SHORT DISTANCE TO A SNOW BANK —







DOWN A GUTTER PATH THROUGH THE BARREN MARSHES OF THE GANGES VALLEY, INDIA, WILL BE AND SHORT ROUND FOLLOW THE PEAK SUMMIT CONVERSATION IS SHARED.

THAT OLD MAN SEEMED TO KNOW YOU, NOW - I WHAT'D HE SAY?

HE TOLD ME HE KNEW I WAS COMING. HE SAW IT IN A DREAM.



ON THE WAY TO DELHI, YOU WILL STOP AT RANNOH. YOU WILL GO TO THE PALACE THERE.

NO, THERE IS A NEW MAHARAJAH - AND THE PALACE IS POWERFUL AGAIN. IT'S STARTED AT RANNOH, THEN MOVED LIKE DARKNESS OVER THE COUNTRY, AND TOOK SWAMIEN FROM OUR VILLAGE.

THEY SAY WE MUST PRAY TO THEIR EVIL GOD. WE SAY WE WILL NOT.



TOOK WHAT?

IT'S A SACRED STONE IN A SHRINE THAT'S SUPPOSED TO PROTECT A VILLAGE.

BUT WITH THE STONE WAS TAKEN, THE VILLAGE WELLS DROPPED UP - AND THE RIVER STOPPED. THEN THE CROPS DIED, AND OUR ANIMALS DIED, AND THEN THEY CAME FROM THE PALACE...



BUT RANNOH ISN'T ON THE WAY TO DELHI, AND BESIDES, THE PALACE HAS BEEN ORBITED SINCE THE MUTINY OF 1857.

BUT WHY WOULD THE MAHARAJAH TAKE THE STONE?

... AND TOOK OUR CHILDREN?



ARRESTING ENDS, BUT  
THE BOARDS BACKEN THERE  
LINED UP THE NIGHT.



DR. JONES PONDERS AT THE  
SNAKEMAN'S STORY! WORDS ARE  
NOW WHAT IS TRUTH, NOW  
MUCH SUPERSTITION.

BUT MOSTLY HE  
PONDERS ABOUT--

#### THE CHILDREN!

HEH! A KID!  
DUNNING FROM  
THE BRUSH LIKE  
A DEVIL ON HIS HEELS!



POOR GUY LOOKS LIKE A  
SKELETON WITH SKIN!  
PROBABLY HASN'T EATEN  
IN DAYS! AND--

HE'S HANDING ME  
SOME--  
THING.



S.S. SNAKE!

THE VILLAGE IS ABANDONED, AND  
MOTHER AND CHILD ARE SOON  
REUNITED, BUT INDY DOESN'T  
NOTICE...



HE'S NOT SEE ONLY THE  
REAR END OF GLOTH IN HIS  
MIND, AND HIS EARS  
HEAR BUT ONE WORD...

SNAKE!

#### MORNING...

WHEW! EASY  
NOW-- NICE  
ELEPHANT.



C'MON, WILLIE! WE'VE  
GOT TO GET TO TOWN--  
NOT BEFORE TOMOR-  
ROW NIGHT!

FINNET? I THOUGHT  
WE WERE GOING TO DELHI!  
BLAST IT, STON. WHY'D  
YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND?



WHAT DID  
THAT INDY TELL  
YOU LAST NIGHT?





...DON'T COME UP - I WANT TO  
THE TRAVELER WHO'S BEEN  
ONLY AT LAMARCA,  
AND BY THE TALKS  
TOLD ABOUT THEM.

SO WHEN I GOT TO  
END OF THE LITTLE  
BOOTHLETS.

SHORT SOUND  
HE SAID THE  
SLEEP WHEN  
THE BOOTHLETS  
SOUNDING.

I MET HIM WHEN HE  
TRIED TO FLY MY ROCKET.





NEXT, FROM THE JOURNEY RESUMES AND AFTER MORE HOURS OF SLOW LUNCHING TRAVEL THROUGH THE JUNGLE TROPICAL FOREST...



HOWEVER, BEFORE THE PROCEEDING, SHE HAD FORGOTTEN ONE THING...



BUT BATHU'S TAKING THE EMBARRASSMENT—WELL HAVE TO HALK THE BEST OF THE WAY.





IT FEEL GOOD TO FALL IN. AN THE COURSE  
BUT SOME STRAIN, AND THE DISTANCE LEFT  
TO TRAVEL, BEING TO KNOW RATHER THAN  
DARKNESS.

I'VE BEEN SHOT AT, FALLEN  
OUT OF A PLANE, NEARLY  
DROWNED, SQUASHED BY A  
SNAKE AND I SWELL  
LIKE AN ELEPHANT!

I TELL YOU  
I'M NOT GOING  
TO MAKE IT.



BUT AT LONG LAST THE TRIP ENDS, AS THREE TRAVELERS  
ARRIVE IN A SPARKLING, HIGHLY-DEVELOPED, MIXTURE OF MODERN  
AND RUSTIC ARCHITECTURE...



BUT THAT GLITTER QUICKLY FADES AS  
THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN A DARK, CROWDED  
TO A STRENGTH, CROWDED, DARK, CROWDED  
THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN A DARK, CROWDED  
TO A STRENGTH, CROWDED, DARK, CROWDED









AND LATER, AS EVENING DRIPS COOL ARMS AROUND THE JUNGLE, A TRIO OF REVEREND VISITORS IS  
BROUGHT TO A BAVILION OF ELABORATE GARDENS, WHERE EXOTIC MUSIC PLAYS BENEATH A DOME OF GOLD...





BY THEN A CEREMONIAL DRUM BEGINS TO BEAT, DRAWING THE ASSEMBLED GUESTS TOWARDS A LONG, LOW TABLE SURROUNDED BY COLORED PILLOWS, WHERE...



FOLLOWING BOAL, OLIVANDER AND SOLYEV. BUT WERE NOTICE THE ELECTRIC LOOK THAT PASSED BETWEEN SHORT ROUND AND SALIM BHAJI--A GLANCE THAT COULD BE RESSENTMENT, THE JEALOUSY OF YOUTH, OR SOMETHING MORE.



YOUR APPETIZER, MADAM.

A SHAKE I FILLED WITH LIVE EELS?

SUDDENLY, I'M NOT SO HUNGRY.



BY THE WAY, MINSTER PRIME MINISTER, I HAVE A QUESTION. I WAS EXAMINING SOME OF THE MAHARAJA'S ARTIFACTS...

I'M NOT SURE ALL THE DECOR ARE THAT OLD. SOME WERE CARVED RECENTLY AND LOOK LIKE IMAGES USED BY THE THUGGEES TO WORSHIP THE GODDESS--



== KALI!!

SCIENCE SLAYS THE DRAGON, HALTING CONVERSATION FOR AN ICE, DANGEROUS MOMENT. AND THEN...

DR. JONES, YOU KNOW VERY WELL THE THUGGER CULT HAS BEEN DEAD FOR NEARLY A CENTURY.



OF COURSE. THE THUGGEES WERE AN OBSCURITY THAT WORSHIPPED KALI WITH HUMAN SACRIFICES. THE BRITISH ARMY WIPE THEM OUT ABOUT THE TIME OF THE MUTINY OF 1857!



SOON, A WOOLLY WOLFE SUFFT IS HELPED TO  
NEW ROOMS, AND EVENTUALLY, AFTER THE  
SLAVIST OCCASIONALLY ENDS AND SLAVIST  
DISAPPEARS TO THEIR INDIVIDUAL QUARTERS...

YOU GET SOME  
SLEEP, TONIGHT  
GUY, I BETTER  
SEE HOW  
WOLFE IS.

WILLIE, I BROUGHT  
YOU SOMETHING.

OH! NOT  
FOR FLOWERS BY

NO, AFRICAN  
FOOD.

OH! IT  
IS REAL FOOD!  
IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

AND YOU'RE NICE. LISTEN,  
I'M TAKING APPLICATIONS;  
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE  
MY PALACE SLAVIST?

THAT  
SOUNDS  
TASTY!

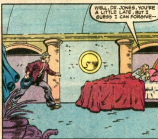
NO, I'M A SPIN-  
TIST. I LIKE DOING  
RESEARCH ON CERTAIN  
"SOCIAL" ACTIVITIES.

YOU MEAN LIKE... LOVE  
RITUALS? PREVENTING  
SEXUAL PRACTICES?

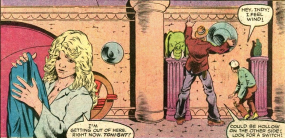
YOU'RE TALKING TO  
AN EXPERT IN  
THAT AREA.















WARRR!!

I'M COMING  
ON! TO THERE'S  
STUFF ALL  
OVER THE  
FLOOR! IT'S  
MOVING!

WILLIE  
SHUT UP  
AND LISTEN!



THERE'S GOT  
TO BE A TRICKER  
RELEASED! A  
LEVER! LOOK  
AROUND!

THE  
SPIKES  
ARE  
GETTING  
CLOSER!



I FOUND A HOLE!  
A SQUARE HOLE!  
BUT IT'S GOT  
TIGHT SPIN  
ALL OVER IT!  
I-I CAN'T TOUCH  
IT--

YOU'VE GOT TO,  
WILLIE!  
DO IT!

DO IT!



AND WE HAD TO KEEP  
SURVIVING AS ANYONE  
ELSE'S--

--GOD!  
GODS!

Screech

THUNDER!



PLEASE,  
CAN WE  
JUST GO  
HOME  
NOW?

THEY! THERE'S  
ANOTHER DOOR  
OVER THERE!

I WAS  
AFRAID  
OF THAT--



BUT EVEN WILLIE SCOTT FORGOT  
HER DROUGHT AND HEMLOCK  
AS SHE STEPS WITH THE OTHERS  
INTO A NICE, FULL-LIT PASSAGE-  
WAY--

--A DARK SHIRT THROUGH WHICH  
A BLOOD-WIND WHISTLED  
BOOM, MOUNTAIN-LIKE SOUND  
DESPERATE BOMBARD CRY.



IT IS A SOUND MOST DISTANT TO  
THE SOUND THAT SHOCKS THEM  
AT THE TUNNEL'S END--

OH...WH...  
GODS...

EMERGED FROM A SOLID SLAB OF DOOM  
REVEALING A VACUUM, CATHEDRAL-LIKE  
CEILING. IT SIXS REVEALED FROM  
CHANTING WORKSHOPS BY A RITUAL  
PRELAPSE OF BROWING. HOLY TEN LAM.

FROM THE EIGHT, BORDO PROVED  
MATERIALIZE, CARSTING BECOMING  
WAYS TO A REBO-STARRED ALTAR.  
MET THE STOMP STOMP OF THE  
STRUCTURE'S OBSCURELY MALES-  
OLENT, BLOODTHIRSTY  
PROTECTOR! KALI!

ITS HIGH PRIEST IS THE EVIL  
MOLA BAH. AND IT IS THE  
**TEMPLE OF DOOM!**

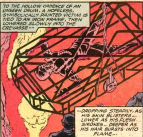




WHAT'S GOING ON?

IT'S A THUNDER BELLWONY, A SACRIFICE...

TO THE HOLLOW CHANCE OF AN OPENED DRUM, A HOPELESS, STYLICALLY PAINTED PICTURE IS TIED TO AN IRON FRAME, THEN COVERED SLOWLY INTO THE OVERWHELM...



...DROPPING STEADILY, AS HIS BURNING ALLEGES...  
...LOSER AS HIS FLESH...  
...BROKEN... DEEPER AS HIS BURN BURSTS INTO FLAME...

AND ALL THE WHILE THE DROPPED BELLWONY CHANTS IN WHAT CAN ONLY BE CALLED DARK ECSTASY...



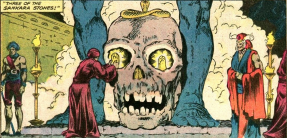
...SUI MA WU!  
JAI MA WU!



LET'S GO! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

QUIET! LOOK! THOSE PRIESTS ARE PUTTING SOMETHING IN FRONT OF THE STATUE! IT'S GOTTA BE--

...IT IS?





GET AT THE ISLAND. ENJOY'S ATTENTION FOCUSED FOR HELP ON THE OBJECTS BEFORE HIM. THREE REMARKABLE FRAGMENTS OF CRYSTALLIZED COURAGE.

THREE PIECES OF A LEGEND

THE STUDY PLACES THE THREE GEMMES INTO HIS SADDLE POUCH. HE HEARS SOME NOISE-- THE LOW DROOP OF MUFFLED VOICES SOUNDING CLOSELY AT HAND...



CAUTIOUSLY, FOLLOWING TRACES OF MISTED LIGHT, HE MOVES AHEAD. THE ALDRE, WHISP VOICES ARE JOINED BY THE CRIST CLANK OF METAL ON ROCK.



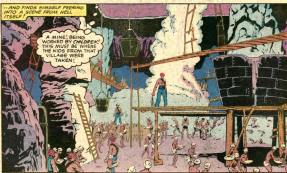
ALL COMING FROM AN UNKNOWN SOURCE. HIS EYES CAN IN THE DOOR OF THE CHAISE...

HE MOVES TOWARD THE NOISY, TAKING CARE AS HE PLACES OVER--



...AND FINDS HIMSELF PEERING INTO A SCENE FROM HELL ITSELF!

A BIRD! BEING HARBOR BY CHILDREN? THIS MUST BE WHERE THE KIDS BEGAN THAT VILLAGE WERE TAKEN!









LATER, AS DARKNESS  
APPROX TO BURY AROUND  
THE SCENE...

INDY! INDY!  
YOU CAN'T!



HE TELL  
YOU WHY?

BECAUSE  
CHILDREN ARE  
SMALL -- WE CAN WORK  
IN TUNNELS, BUT NOW I  
GROW TOO OLD, NOW THE  
EYE OF KALI TAKE ME.



THE TERROR IN THE YOUNG BOY'S EYES  
IS UNMISTAKABLE, AND STAYS WITH  
INDY AND SHORT BROWN MEN, NOWHERE  
LATER, THEY ARE PULLED BACK FROM  
THEIR CELL ---

-- HERDED DOWN A NEARBY TUNNEL --



YES, I THINK  
SO, WHO'S  
YOUR FRIEND?

THIS IS ANSWER  
FROM THAT VILLAGE.  
THEY SAID THAT  
HERE TO DO IN  
THE MINDS.



HOW?

THEY WILL MAKE ME DRINK  
BLOOD OF KALI MA, AND  
BECOME LIKE THE OTHERS.  
I'LL BE ALIVE -- BUT USE IN  
NIGHTMARE.

YOU DRINK  
BLOOD, YOU NOT  
WAKE UP FROM  
NIGHTMARE OF KALI MA!



-- AND THROST WITHOUT CEREMONY INTO ANOTHER  
CHAMBER, A SPARTY GALLERY OF RITUALISTIC  
STATUES AND BRISTLY SCORNS.

THE FOLK AND  
FITTING HOME OF --



YOU WERE  
CAUGHT TRYING  
TO STEAL THE  
SABAKARA  
STONES.

NBODY'S  
PERFECT..



BESIDES,  
THE WAY I  
HEARD IT, YOU  
STOLE ONE OF  
THEM FROM A  
SMALL VILLAGE.

THERE WERE  
FIVE STONES -  
IN THE BEGINNING,  
OVER THE CENTURIES  
THEY WERE DISPERSED  
BY WARS, SOLD OFF  
BY THIEVES LIKE YOU.



THEN TWO  
ARE STILL  
MISSING.



THAT'S  
WHAT  
YOU'VE  
GOT THESE  
CHILDREN -  
THESE  
SLAVES -  
DURING  
FOR?

THEY DID FOR US TO  
SUPPORT OUR CRUISE.  
THEY ALSO SEARCH  
FOR THE LAST TWO  
STONES. SOON WE  
WILL HAVE ALL FIVE  
SABAKARA STONES,  
AND THE THIEVES  
WILL BE ALL POWER-  
FUL!



NBODDY CAN  
SEE YOU DON'T  
HAVE A GOOD  
IMAGINATION.

YOU DO NOT  
BELIEVE ME?  
YOU WILL, DE  
JONES. YOU  
WILL SOON  
BECOME A  
TRULY  
BELIEVER!

NO, THEY ARE HERE --  
SOMEWHERE, A CENTURY AGO WITH THE  
BRITISH RAIDED THIS TEMPLE AND  
BURIED MY PEOPLE. A LOYAL  
PRIEST HID THE LAST TWO STONES  
DOWN HERE IN THE CAVE.

AND  
HIS HIGHNESS,  
THE MARAJAH,  
WILL WITNESS  
THE CONVERSION.



# INDIANA JONES and the TEMPLE OF DOOM

FOR THE JULY 1944, 2. OAKS.  
PROTECTOR OF THE MOUNTAIN  
SANDHILL FIELDS, AND THE  
PROTECTOR OF THE MOUNTAIN, SANDHILL  
CULT THAT SANDHILL FIELDS.  
SANDHILL FIELDS.

IT IS ANGLA BARNES  
AND HER FIRST HUSBAND,  
DR. DAVID BARNES  
COUNSELLOR, BIRMINGHAM  
UNIVERSITY, WHO'S  
CURRENTLY IN FRANCE.  
THEY GO TO SEE  
MR. DAVID DR. JONES  
IN HIS APARTMENT ON  
THE THIRD FLOOR.  
BIRMINGHAM.

1975-1976  
 1977-1978  
 1979-1980

DAVID MICHELINIE	—	WESTER
JACKSON SUICH	—	PERCHER
BETH A. GARNY	—	ALLAN
JOHN WHEELER	—	LETTERMAN
ANDY VANDERHART	—	CONWAY
TOMMY DELALLO	—	PERCHER
JIM SHOOTER	—	ROTHMAN

BUT AS THEY CHASED, BULL-SCOTT THREW NOT TO GIVE UP. AGGRESSIVE AND BOLDLY BRAGGING, HE WAS ONE OF THE DARINGST WORKERS THAT EVER MET. HE WAS THE FIRST BACK THROUGH THE TOMBOLA.



AND HE WAS BRAGGING. "I'M THE FIRST BACK THROUGH THE TOMBOLA."

"LITTLE REMINDERS THAT SUCH A CHOICE MIGHT NOT BE WORTH TO MAKE!"



THEY KILLED HIM!

YES, BULL-SCOTT!



--WELL, BULL!

FOR A MOMENT, THE YOUNG WORKER IS SPEECHLESS...

THEY KILLED HIM!

LATER, IN THE TEMPLE OF DEATH, ACHILLEA, SERVICES AGAIN, WAS ABOVE A SEA OF FRIGHTENED FOLKS. HE WAS THE SACRIFICIAL CHAMP, AND HE WAS ADDRESSING THE DEAD IN A BURNING...



HE IS TELLING THE FAITHFUL OF OUR VICTORY. YOU UNDERSTAND?



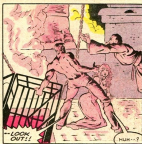


SO THAT SOME TIME LATER, AN EVILMASTER NOT IDENTIFIED THIRTEEN YEARS OLD MAKES HIS WAY TO THE DARK TEMPLE--











PRESENTLY, IN THE  
MINES BELOW...



BECAUSE HE-  
SEE, I'M FROM  
THE UNION  
AND I'D LIKE  
TO TALK TO  
YOU ABOUT  
THE WORKING  
CONDITIONS  
HERE...



THEY ARE CHILDREN, WEAK FROM OVERWORK AND LACK OF  
FOOD, YET THEY FALL ON THEIR KNEES BEFORE HIM  
SURPRISING ENERGY, AND ADAM-ASLT DETERMINATION, IN  
AN EFFORT THAT WINS THEM THE GREATEST PRIZE OF ALL--



I'VE GOT  
THE KEY!

-- FREEDOM!

IN THE TUMBLE THAT FOLLOWS,  
SANDRA, HILLER AND SHORT ROUND  
POUR DUTCHY THROUGH THE  
TUMBLING TUMBLE, RELEASING  
THE REST OF THE SLAVES.



A TEAM THAT EVENTUALLY BRINGS THEM TO...

A QUARRY! LOOKS LIKE THEY BRING ROCKS  
FROM THE MINE HERE TO BE CRUSHED INTO  
SAND...WAKES 'EM HARDER TO GET RID OF!









HOW YOU LIKE  
A LITTLE PAIN,  
MR. RAZOR-KA-  
RAH?

WAAAAH!!

A-AM... I'M...



...SORRY!

WE  
AWAKE FROM  
BLACK SLEEP!



THEY MADE US DO  
BEE THINGS - LORD  
MUSKIE, FORGIVE  
ME!

BUT I WILL  
MAKE UPON  
IT! I'LL TRY  
TO FIND THE  
ENGLISH  
SOLDIER!

THANKS, PAL!  
GOOD LUCK!



COME ON,  
SHORTY!

Indy

I'VE GOT  
US A  
RICK!

THE MINE CAR BUILDS SPEED,  
AS WITH THE AID OF A  
DOZER BLADE AND TACKLE--



--DR. INDIANA JONES DROPS  
IN ON HIS FRIENDS!



A SHOT THAT IS INTERESTING,  
BUT NOT APPRECIATED BY THE  
ARMY ANYONE MOLA RAN!

THEY'VE STOLEN  
THE BARRAGE  
STONE! STOP  
THEM!

WELL  
THAT'S IT!

QUICKLY, ARMED GUARDS  
FILL THE MINE CAR  
AND GIVE FIRESTAY.







...AND CRASHES TO THE GROUND, BRINGING A HALF-BILLION GALLONS OF WATER EXPLODING ACROSS THE CANYON--







...ALL THE BOARD AND SWINGS, SWINGS... HARDER... UNTIL, AT LAST, THE SWAYING MINE CAR...

OR MORE ACCURATELY, NERVOUS IT...

HEY, ENDY, YOU HEAR SOMETHING?













DRYS. LATER, THE SUN FLARES BRILLIANTLY, DISMOUNTING HUNDREDS OF SMALL FIGURES THAT APPEAR OVER A MANTLEPIECE RIDGE--

--FIGURES THAT AGONY FALLOWS BROUGHTING WITH JIM, AS THEY ALL COME TO A VILLAGE THAT HAS BEEN MIRACULOUSLY RESCUED.

WE KNOW YOU ARE COMING BACK WHEN LIFE RETURNS TO OUR VILLAGE.

NOW YOU SEE THE "TREASURE" OF THE "WEEK" YOU BRING BACK!

YES, THE SEEN ITS POWER.

YOU COULD'VE LEFT IT, I KNOW.

YEAH, AND THEY'VE SNATCH IT IN A MUSEUM WHERE IT'D JUST BE ANOTHER ROCK COLLECTING DUST.

IT WOULD'VE GOTTEN YOU YOUR FORTUNE AND GLORY.

WELL, IT'S STILL A LONG WAY TO DELHI-- WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.

OOOOH, NO! NO THANKS!

NO MORE DETOURS FOR ME, DE JERRY!

IF YOU THINK IT'D GO TO DELHI OR ANYPLACE ELSE WITH YOU, AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'VE GOTTEN ME INTO--

HEARBY, SHORT-ARMED CRACKER HAS ARMS, SHOULDERS AND HEAD--

--AND GOES.

GROWN-UP!

THE END

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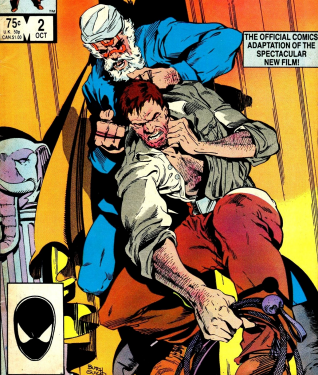
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